LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

How often in our busy life
We speak a bitter word;
We care not who the listeners are,
We care not where 'tis heard.
We do not know within our heart
To what it may amount,
And truly, it is only one
Of little things that count.

We often wound the trusting heart
By being insincere.
We do not think that which we do
May cause a lonely tear.
We give it but a passing thought,
And bother not about
The little things that rise and cause
The trusting heart to doubt.

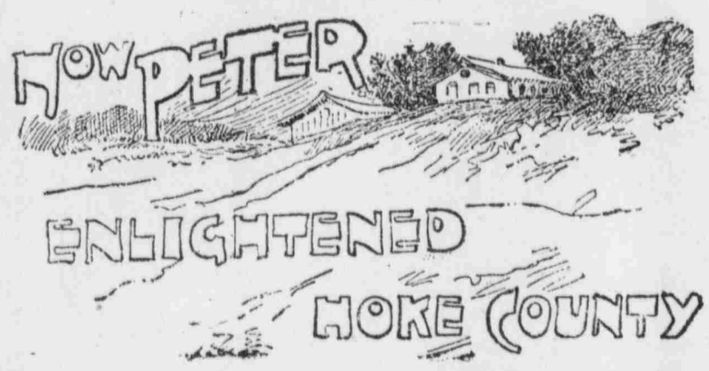
We often wrong within ourself
The ones who love us true,
Because they tell us of a fault;
We're all impatient, too,
And do not down the angry words
That to our lips may mount,
But watch and wait; 'tis only one
Of little things that count.

How often from our very heart
We let our anger rise,
And never mind the pleading looks
That come from soulful eyes;
We crush, we bruise, in passion's hour,
And scorn the falling tear;
Little things, oh, little things,
What sorrow wrought you here!

You count, oh yes, you little things,
You count, but not for gain;
You count to sadden trusting hearts,
You count for naught but pain.
You count as clouds in some one's sky,
You darken some one's day;
O cruel little deeds and words
We can't undo, unsay!

Then ever speak the kindly word
Instead of one of pride;
'Twill banish sorrow from a soul,
And anger turn aside.
The loving word and deed and glance,
Is borne on angel wings,
And angel voices echo true:
Be kind in little things!

—Kathryn C. Murray, in the Hartford Daily Courant.



Everybody 'round Pimly set up a laugh when Peter Jethson and his wife moved over on old man Grant's west eighty and set up for farming. Peter was always regarded as something of a joke in Hoke County, and the fact that he had married Sophie Grant, the prettiest girl for miles around, didn't save him. He was a sort of second cousin to the old man's first wife, and, of course, when he came to Kansas his kinsman took him in.

The objections to him were good-natured but numerous. He was always dressed up, he had no more knowledge of horses, cattle and pigs than a Kansas City dude, and for the first year of his life in Hoke County he didn't do anything but court Sophie. Old Grant never would have agreed to it if he didn't know that his son-in-law-elect "had money," for the youth was quite worthless from a bucolic point of view, and after six months trying to interest him in farming the old man gave in with:

"Well, ye kin have her, Pete, but goll darn ye, how you all goin' to make out?"

Peter grinned quietly, saying, "Guess we won't starve," and went away to tell Sophie. They were married at Christmas, spent a week in Kansas City and then came home to settle down. Everybody thought they'd open a store in Pimly, but they didn't. Pete leased the west eighty from his father-in-law and built a cottage, declaring that he meant to make his fortune right there. He started by bringing from his old home in the East all his books, fishing tackle, guns and other impractical effects. When the Kansas winter vanished before a matchless spring he began to roam over "our farm."

"What you going to do first, Pete?" Sophie would ask.

"Just look around for a while, Sophie," he would say, and march off whistling toward the creek or down into the timber, where he counted the walnut trees and shot an occasional squirrel. Then he rigged up a shop near the barn and bought a lot of second-hand gas pipe, iron rods and queer implements that had nothing to do with farming.

"What ye goin' to do naow, Pete?" the old man asked, eyeing him with unexpressed wonder.

"I'm going to make a well," said Pete, smiling like a willful child.

"Well? You don't need no well; you got one an' a cistern. There's the pond and the creek, an' it's good an' rainy in Hoke. Well, fiddle! Ain't you goin' to put in no crap?"

"Later maybe. I'll get around to that later." And Pete would saunter away whistling, while Sophie in the kitchen smiled confidently and her father grumbled in his whiskers.

It was like that all summer and fall. Pete didn't do anything in the way of work except what he did secretly in his shop or on his well. The neighbors would stop at his road gate sometimes and shout at him: "Hey, Mister Jethson, struck watter yit?" Whereat he would smile gently, shake his head and answer, "Not yet." Sometimes, if they happened to ask him, "How ye gettin' along?" he'd crack his little joke by answering, "Getting a long well, thank you," and then he'd laugh like a pleased boy. And so it came about that the folks at Pimly and roundabout in Hoke County came to talk about Peter Jethson as "Poor Pete," the women pitying Sophie and the men pitying old man Grant, who had given his pretty daughter to a "half-wit."

It was along in the spring when everybody found out that Peter had taken a ten-year lease on the Brownson place adjoining his own untilled acres. Mayor Jenkins of Pimly voiced the public sentiment about this transaction when he said:

"Brownson has just took advantage o' pore Pete. Them hundred an' sixty acres o' his'n ain't wuth two dollars a year. Won't raise nuthin' an' yit, come t' think, they can't raise no less'n Pete's eighty."

Whereupon everybody laughed and repeated Mayor Jenkins's joke. Then the wags out Grant's way began to "put up jobs" on Jethson. They would stop by and ask casually if he wanted to lease any more land, and when they realized that he was dead in earnest about getting more acres, that he wasn't particular about the quality of the land, so long as it was near Pimly, and could be leased for ten years or longer, they began to get a vague idea that "mebbe Pete was up to suthin'." Then for a while old man Grant was waylaid on the corners in Pimly and at intervals along the road, by farmers who wanted to know what Pete was to do with his leased lands. When Grant said he didn't know, they either disbelieved him or pitied the necessity of veiling his son-in-law's mental frailty and went their ways. But the old fellow was now bent on knowing. He refused to accept the theory that Pete was "daffy," preferring to estimate his eccentricities as "pure ornery laziness." At last he got the young man into a corner of the sitting-room, when Sophie was away, and quizzed him relentlessly.

"Now I kin keep a secret, Pete," he concluded; "folks is beginnin' to think yore daffy and it's agoin' to hurt Sofe an' the baby when that comes. Jest own up, what is your idea o' making leases when you ain't so much as farmin' truck?"

"Gas, dad," said Peter, quietly. "Just keep it as secret as you can, but there's gas under every foot of this ground."

It was not a very satisfactory explanation to Grant. He didn't see what particular good gas might do, and the next time he saw Dr. Jewett in Pimly he let slip the secret about Peter's idea. From the doctor's office the story spread, reaching ears that were not indifferent to the story of a possible gas belt under Hoke County. Strangers who had snickered at Jethson began to cross-question him, but he put them aside with a childish smile and a harmless joke. "How you goin' to git the gas?" they asked him.

"Dig for it," he would say, laughing.

"An' if you git it, what then?"

"Then it's up to you," grinned Jethson, as he walked away.

Some of them did dig, or rather bore into their farms. Ashamed of their enterprises, they kept them secret from each other, but when they had vainly gone down 200, 300 and 500 feet through rock and clay and water, rage against the innocent Peter took hold of them, and they watched for a chance to get even. George Hough set the pace by actually leasing the "gas privileges" of his farm to Jethson for ninety-nine years for the cash sum of $100, which was paid the moment the deed was signed. After that there was a rush to "do business" with Peter. The malcontents who had spent work and money sinking for gas wanted revenge, but they were afraid to give the victim "long terms," for fear when his mental condition was discovered his engagements would become valueless, so they did business with him on a cash basis until his money was gone and he had "the gas privilege' on every farm and free holding near Pimly.

"What air you goin' t' do naow?" groaned Papa Grant when Pete admitted that he'd like to borrow a hundred dollars.

"I'm going' to give Pimly a fireworks exhibition," he answered naively. "I'm going to town now to put a card in the Banner announcing a show over at my place."

And he did. The erratic announcement drew every man, woman and child for miles around. The "fireworks" was all gas, it is true, but from a hundred jets along the drive, around the lawn, in the house and outside, it flared in clear white glory. Peter showed them his lathe and his pumps all run by burning gas. The men who had ridiculed him aside, admitted that they had dug for gas too, "just on his say so," but that "they want no gas within five hundred feet, an', Pete, of ye want to stan' from under that lease, why all right."

But Peter didn't want to "stand from under."

"Digging for gas, boys," said Peter, radiantly, "is like sizing up your fellow men. It's no use unless you go deep, say a thousand feet or so."

And they smiled with him, but they didn't mean it.—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

DOWN INTO THE TIMBER, WHERE HE COUNTED THE WALNUT TREES.

First Step in Village Improvement.

First in order in activities of this kind come cleanliness. Clean streets and public places, clean private premises—with these secured, the first great transformation in the community takes place. When nuisance-breeding rubbish heaps are cleared away, and vacant lots covered with all sorts of litter are cleaned up, everybody notes the improvement and is interested in seeing it maintained. Orderliness, of course, goes hand in hand with cleanliness. The latter cannot be secured with good order. And with good order there is an aspect of neatness that commands popular respect. It pleases the public eye. Nearly everybody will desist from throwing rubbish in a well kept place, and from scattering torn up paper, or other litter in a clean street. Public sentiment is easily cultivated in favor of public cleanliness and order. A notable instance of its growth is to be found in the agitation against spitting in public places, since it was determined that the practice was a danger to public health. The posting of notices with regulations against it, and the frequent discussion of the subject in the press, have made a strong impression upon public sentiment, and in consequence the offense is not practiced to anything like the same extent in communities where there has been such agitation.—Sylvester Baxter, in the Century.

A Fascinating Profession.

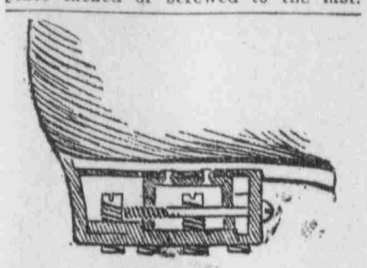
The tradition in India is that the man-eating tiger never gets over his thirst for human blood. Men reform from evil habits, break off from trades and cut loose from associations and localities, but never or rarely from journalism. Some have tried to account for this well-known fact by recounting the fascinations of the "art preservative."

This may be the case in some degree, but it cannot be all of it. When one has engaged in the newspaper business he acquires some partial knowledge of all the ordinary pursuits and avocations, and this seems to unfit him for centralizing his faculties upon any of them. Consequently he experiences a certain timidity as to embarking upon mercantile or manufacturing pursuits.

Besides this they all seem to him to be narrow and limited. There is a boundless wideness in journalism which gives the country newspaper man the impression that he would not like to be tied down to the groove in which he sees even the biggest furniture dealer or the most active grocer engaged.

This Shoe Heel Won't Wear Out.

This device is made entirely of metal, and the parts which are subject to actual wear may be of hardened steel. In attaching it to the shoe the leather heel is removed and a thin metallic plate tacked or screwed to the last.



METAL HEEL, ADJUSTABLE TO WEAR.

This serves as the foundation, and to it is riveted a second plate carrying two downwardly projecting lugs in which a horizontal screw is inserted as shown. This screw carries the cap or heel proper, which is provided with shoulders to engage the last on all sides, while in the bottom a number of screws are placed. These screws are flat at the ends, and are capable of adjustment as the tips wear off. These heels should be especially desirable in winter, as the projecting screws will aid in securing a firm foothold on icy pavements. The inventor is Mads L. Hansen.

"Cradle of the Nation."

Remarkable evidence of the need for a Jamestown tercentenary anniversary, says the Norfolk Landmark, is furnished by the ignorance of most Americans with regard to the status of Jamestown itself. This cradle of the nation, as all Virginians know, is no longer inhabited by any person except those who keep guard over the ruins there. Jamestown is nothing but a name and a remnant. If it were not for the care with which the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities preserves the old walls and other relics, not a trace of the famous town, we dare say, would be left.

A Conflagration, Indeed.

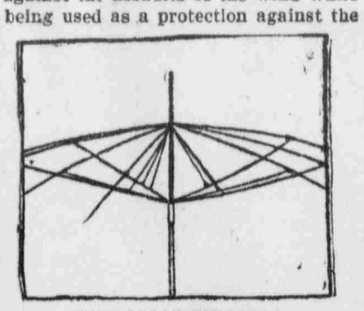
It was in a country village that the swain had proposed for the hand of the village beauty, and had been successful and carried off the palm. He had bought the engagement ring and was hurrying as fast as his two feet would carry him to the home of his adored one. A friend tried to stop him to make inquiry concerning his haste.

"Hello, there, Bob! Is there a fire?"

"Yes," replied Bob, with what breath he had left, "my heart's on fire and I'm going now to ring the village belle."—Yonkers Statesman.

Wind-Proof Umbrella.

A patent has been recently granted for an improvement in umbrellas which makes these articles practically proof against the assaults of the wind while being used as a protection against the



WIND-PROOF UMBRELLA.

rain. This invention is shown in the accompanying cut, and is the joint work of F. Gallagher and Hugo Keller. It consists of the introduction of braces extending from the centre of the spreaders to a second sliding collar, which moves along the stick. When the umbrella is raised this collar is firmly held under the ribs at the point where they are fastened to the stick of the umbrella.

Makeup of a Fake Wild Man.

The wild man from South America, with horns like an ox and tusks like a wild boar came to grief in Valdosta after his performance. After the exhibition he discarded his native garb and went to a negro hall to attend an entertainment. He became involved in a quarrel there, and pulled his gun and fired it off to frighten his antagonist.

A policeman in that neighborhood pulled the wild man, whose name was given as Calvin Byrd. His arrest disclosed one of the most novel fakes ever seen there. Byrd is a ginger-colored negro, and has had an incision made in his head and a thin piece of metal slipped under the skin. Attached to this piece of metal are two threaded knobs to which large horns are screwed, giving an appearance exactly as though the horns grew from his head. On his eye teeth are large threaded gold crowns, to which are screwed the tusks when Byrd goes on exhibition. Rigged up as the wild man from South America he was a capital attraction.—Atlanta Journal.

English Looks and Paris Manners.

Englishwomen in general are really better looking than any other women in Europe, and yet, except among a very small section of the upper classes, they never seem to take the slightest care, and their hair usually looks as if a bird had made its nest there—and not a very tidy bird, either. In Paris the women of the grisette class, the shop girls, the workers in all the various trades in which young women of quite the poorest sort are engaged, have invariably their hair smooth, clean and dressed to perfection.—The Sunrise.

Cabbage grows all the year in Hawaii, and it apparently makes no difference whether it is planted in the spring, summer, autumn or winter.